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FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1910.

Carmack's Slayers Freed.

The slayers of Edward Ward Carmack are free—the one, to all practical purposes, by the reversal of the lower court's finding; the other by the governor's pardon. It may be that Gov. Malcolm Rice Patterson has vindicated a personal attachment and paid an overshadowing political debt in relieving Duncan B. Cooper forever of legal responsibility for Mr. Carmack's death. Even so, however, it involved a frightful sacrifice for Tennessee; it was a crime against decency, justice, and law and order. The governor may be able to justify all of that to his conscience—we trust he may—but in the circumstances, we should say, it would be decidedly proper that he resign now and ask leave to forget and be forgotten. Tennessee ought to be done with Patterson, and rid of him politically for all time.

Gov. Patterson has demonstrated the truthfulness of the charge that he is a sinister influence and devoid of those qualities of manhood that inevitably attach to great and good men in public life. He trains to the finish, apparently, with the rule or ruin school of politicians. We find some consolation in the knowledge, however, that a jury of Tennessee dared to do its duty in the Cooper crisis. It found both defendants guilty of murder—just as it found those Reelfoot lynchings, who murdered another citizen of Tennessee, guilty. These juries came from the plain people—they came untainted or politics and unimpaired of partisan faction. They looked at the evidence and considered the law as applied to that evidence, and they rendered just and honest verdicts. It was the court and the man higher up that upset the people's verdicts. Let us extend the assurance of our respect to the juries in the Cooper and Reelfoot cases, however we may be lacking in respect for the men who subsequently handled and undid those splendid verdicts.

Out of these shameful miscarriages of justice, some good eventually may come to Tennessee. That thought just now must be the sheet-anchor of her people's hopes.

Defenseless Washington.

The city of Washington has been protected from a demoralizing fright by Representative Slayden, of Texas. It was a delivery from a source little expected, because there was no reason why a Representative in Congress from a section of the country so remote from the National Capital should take much interest in these troublous political times, in the peace of mind of the local population. Perhaps it was not that condition which influenced Mr. Slayden so much as the opportunity of obtaining a strategic advantage over the minority leader of Mr. Slayden's own party, Mr. Champ Clark, of Missouri.

Mr. Clark, in the course of the debate on the naval appropriation bill, spoke with considerable feeling regarding the lack of progress made on the military-naval establishment in the Hawaiian Islands, and he informed the House, by way of emphasizing the enormity of the situation, that Pearl Harbor, where there is to be established a mid-Pacific naval base, was in as defenseless a condition as the city of Washington. Mr. Clark had hardly subsided from his disclosure of our hopeless and helpless exposure to the enemy than this colloquy ensued:

Mr. Slayden—Mr. Chairman, a few minutes ago, in the course of this debate, the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Clark] made a statement that came under the head of "interesting if true." He stated that, in his judgment, or according to his information, Pearl Harbor was as defenseless at the present time as the city of Washington. Now, I was under the impression that the illustration was an unfortunate one, for I believed, and I thought I had reason to believe, that the city of Washington was well defended, and so I immediately went to the telephone and put myself in communication with a man who knows about these things, and I appealed for information to a constituent of the gentleman from Missouri, the chief of the Coast Artillery. He told me that I may assure the House and my member of Congress that the city of Washington, so far as an invasion by water is concerned, is absolutely in a state of perfect defense.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri—He did not tell you how, did he?

Mr. Slayden—Yes, he did.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri—By having it mined?

happens the apprehension concerning Pearl Harbor is justified, although from the best obtainable information the progress on the defenses of that place is quite satisfactory. It was unfortunate for his argument, at all events, that Mr. Clark should have cited the wrong example, and it was skillful on the part of Mr. Slayden that he was able to quote one of Mr. Clark's constituents, Gen. Arthur Murray, chief of the Coast Artillery, to the undoing of the minority leader.

Congressional "Economy."

In theory, the refusal of Congress to provide an automobile for the Speaker, or anybody else connected with the government, would be unassailable. There is no logical justification for "extras" for officials. If the Speaker should have an automobile maintained at public expense, why not every individual Congressman?

It is extremely difficult for innocent bystanders to believe, however, that Congress intends to refuse this automobile appropriation because it thinks it ought to, as a matter of principle. On the contrary, it smacks pungently of the spiteful. It is a whack at "Uncle Joe"—the indicated chopping block of the moment—and any old thing that tends to embarrass or harass "Uncle Joe" is supposed to make a big hit with the "peep-ul."

If Congress has found itself suddenly possessed of great zeal for "economy," if it thinks it must save "Uncle Sam's" money at any and all cost, even to the extent of looking after the stray pennies, why does not Congress deny itself its mileage allowance as it now stands and appropriate to itself only enough to cover its actual traveling expenses going to and from sessions? That would save many times the \$2,000 denied the Speaker for an automobile. What good and sufficient reason is there why Congress should have an overplus of traveling expense if there is no reason why the Speaker should have an automobile? The principle sustaining the one contention necessarily must be exactly parallel with the principle sustaining the other. Why does not Congress deny itself wabbly "stationery" items? Why does not Congress prescribe that "clerk" hire funds must go to bona fide "clerks," or go nowhere? What becomes of that righteous anti-automobile sentiment when our statesmen come to consider their own little side-graft issues?

Congress will not be criticised for disallowing the Speaker's automobile item. Why? Because that is right. But Congress need hardly imagine it is going to fool the American public into thinking it did that because it was moved wabbly, or in any great part, by lofty patriotism alone, so long as it keeps standing those other petty "rake-offs" heretofore noted.

Safe and Sane Fourth.

Fireworks will not be on sale in New York from June 10 to July 10 this year. Mayor Gaynor upheld the order of Police Commissioner Baker, and the small boy is correspondingly depressed. This vigorous step by the New York executive will strengthen the hands of other city authorities where there has been pressure for the old carnival of noise. Such publications as the American Medical Association's Journal take increased comfort and encouragement in the progress made.

All over the country individuals and civic bodies are preparing for the observance of the "Glorious Fourth" along sane and rational lines. The decided and conspicuous example of New York should be a token of victory, especially in the cities where a long step forward was taken last year. Washington is in this class. Noise and din are dear to the hearts of young America, but some substitute should be found as a vent for the exuberant patriotism. This is a task to which the sane portion of the population should promptly turn.

Chicago, under the auspices of the Safe Fourth Association, will hold a national tournament of the United States army. This "soldier show" will be given in an arena with the largest seating capacity of any out-door place of amusement in America. The central figure of this demonstration will be Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, who will personally supervise the encampment and tournament. Humane civilization and patriotism can go hand in hand, and the entire country will be the gainer. Other cities should be watched for similar suggestions, and these can be adapted to the varying needs of the different cities. There need be no weak imitation, but an assimilation of ideas which can be embodied in the plan that meets the local requirements. Thus we can soon look back to the years when the maiming and slaying of the infants was for the purpose of making a Roman holiday. Then we will wonder how such barbaric methods were ever popular.

The Speaker does not seem overfond of the newspapers. Perhaps he thinks they do not appreciate the copy he has made.

An out-of-town reader informs F. P. A. of the New York Mail that he thinks F. P. A. funny in spots only. We harbor a suspicion that F. P. A. may previously have heard that old story much nearer home.

The Kaiser will put the little pot in the big one in honor of the colonel's visit, while King Edward will hold aloof when the colonel reaches England. And still Edward has the reputation of being the greatest diplomat in all Europe.

No doubt a seat on the Supreme Bench of the United States would have its attractions for Gov. Hughes. Also, a lot of New York hoodlums and grafters would like to see him switched off somewhere from his present job.

Revised version—When in Rome, do stunts.

"Some Congressmen have an exaggerated idea of their own importance," says the Des Moines Tribune. Well, yes!

Nice little alibi journeys may be had nowadays at only \$2 per mile. Better arrange for one of those journeys before the taxicab system is inaugurated on the air lines.

Looks more or less squally for "Uncle Joe," sure enough. Not long ago they took his steam roller away from him, and now they are after his automobile.

"China is said to have offered Col. Roosevelt the post of adviser general of the Chinese Empire," says the Boston Globe. China need give itself no unnecessary concern. Whenever the colonel desires that post, he will reach out and gather it in on his own account.

Mr. Nicholas Longworth says he is for Taft "through and through." That, we should say, should ward off insomnia at the White House.

"Uncle Sam" recently auctioned off a lot of "moonshine" whisky in Atlanta. If that is the sort of fellow "Uncle Sam" is, a number of patriots in the "dry" belt may develop into rock-ribbed centralizationists.

"New Jersey has just passed a law whereby applicants for marriage licenses must be sober at the time they are granted," says the Baltimore Star. The sweet summer girls will insist, however, that the applicant be permitted to be intoxicated with joy.

"When Henry Clay addressed the House," says a writer, "every muscle of his face and body worked." Ah, yes! In those good old days, Congressmen earned their salaries!

The Democratic party realizes, perhaps, without Mr. Bryan rubbing it in, that "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

"Some would-be smart prophets say that one thing safe to predict about Roosevelt is that he will act when he comes home," notes the Cleveland Leader. Well, the colonel is no barnstormer. He gets the crowds.

The governor of Tennessee may be one of those people who have "the courage of their convictions"—one is inclined to hope so, at least. His pardon of Duncan B. Cooper, convicted murderer of E. W. Carmack, however, seems more likely to have been the act of a very cheap and unworthy politician.

Every edition of the Houston Post is a jubilee edition, however. (That is all right, George, keep the change.)

"Private" John Allen will always be liable to get into similar trouble, of course, so long as he persists in the notion that a man ought to stay in every jack-pot, regardless.

A bride of last June—an Indiana bride, too—recently served her husband pickled roses she put up last fall. We are not sure what it was, but we imagine that woman meant to suggest something to that man.

No matter what it costs the Thaws to get Evelyn Thaw to Paris and keep her quiet there, it will be cheap at the price, in the eyes of the American people, at least.

The Pullman company will kindly bear in mind, however, that the idea is: The upper berth is to be lower than the lower; not the lower higher than the upper.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Would Make a Hit.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.
After all, why not take the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation to a twenty-third house? It would go well there.

He's No Snob.

From the Kansas City Star.
And there's no false pride about Mr. Roosevelt. He meets khedives and kings and emperors on terms of perfect equality.

Surest Thing You Know.

From the Chicago Evening Post.
Even if London society is to "spend \$15,000,000 in entertaining Mr. Roosevelt," we should like to wager that it will get its money's worth.

Not a Three-ring Circus.

From the Baltimore American.
The administration of President Taft has not been spectacular, but it has been progressive. The only people it doesn't appeal to are those who like a circus.

At Least, He's Consistent.

From the Philadelphia North American.
La Follette says that Wisconsin acted like a trust hater in dismissing the New England railroad merger suit. But why should Wisconsin be expected to make an exception in this case?

There Are Others.

From the Dallas News.
President Taft may think he is having a hard time, but if the statistics were available it would be developed that he doesn't have as many troubles in a month as Gov. Haskell, of Oklahoma, gets into before breakfast.

Put It in a Message, Governor.

From the New York World.
All reports agree that the unexpected speech by Gov. Hughes at the dinner of the Legislative Correspondents' Association was the most vehement and forceful attack upon political corruption that the governor has ever made.

Senator La Follette's "Billingsgate." On the whole, we do not believe that Senator La Follette helped his case in the Senate yesterday by referring to J. P. Morgan as "a beefy, red-faced, wicked-looking financial bully, drunk with wealth and power." When a Senator begins to use billingsgate of that sort, the public is apt to conclude that he is somewhat out of tact and argument.

How Scott Bore Adversity.

From the London Graphic.
Once when I was staying with Mr. Ruskin he took delight in showing me his Scott MSS. He brought down "Woodstock" from the shelf, and turning the leaves over slowly and lovingly, he said: "I think this is the most precious of them all. Scott was writing this book when the news of his ruin came upon him. He was about here, where I have opened it. Do you see the beautiful handwriting? Now look, as I turn over the pages toward the end. Is the writing one jot less beautiful? Are there more erasures than before? That assuredly shows how a man can and should bear adversity."

Quite a Coincidence.

From the New York Sun.
The captain of a steamer which arrived on Monday from a voyage in the West Indies said that on April 2 he found the island obscured by a strange and threatening haze, which on close examination proved to be dust apparently of volcanic origin. The captain concluded that it was dust from the perniciously active Mount Etna, blown across the Western ocean by a mighty and all pervasive wind. Singularly enough it is now history on that day, April 2, a Great One landed in Italy.

Too Expensive.

From Judge.
"This cigar tastes like it was made of cabbage," growls the customer.
"Huh!" replies the clerk. "If you knew the wholesale price of cabbage this year, you wouldn't insinuate that it could be put in a 5-cent cigar."

Victim of Nature Fake.

From the Louisville Globe.
"Teacher, does cocoanuts really grow on trees?"
"Why, of course, Jacob," was the answer. "Where did you think they grew?"
"Why," said he gravely, "I thought the monkey's laid 'em."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A POPULAR PHANTOM.
When people talk about the past, in father climes;
Bring up with recollection vast
The good old times.

But father's comrades grandpa deems
A childish pack.
For grandpa's good old times, it seems,
Date father back.

We might keep going back like this
To Caesar's reign.
The good old times supply, I wis,
An endless chain.

They form a theme for endless rhymes.
We all prefer
To prate about the good old times
That never were.

Strictly Speaking.
"He literally hungers for fame."
"What do you mean?"
"He is trying to acquire notoriety through a forty-day fast."

Follies of the Rich.
"My oldest daughter is frivolous. Goes in for soup kitchens, orphan asylums, and the like. But my youngest daughter is of a more serious turn of mind."
"So?"
"Yes; that girl is eventually going to play a first-class game of bridge."

Conversational.
The pugilists, they fume and fret
And gab and balk.
Put up some cash, we say, and let
The money talk.

Hiring Help.
"What salary do you want?"
"Oh, fifty a week."
"Oh, fudge! I'd better frame my question differently. What salary do you expect?"

A Classy Package.
"Sorry, but I can't deliver this bologna sausage."
"I don't like to carry it."
"Why not? By trying the ends together I can make it look like an auto tire."

Would Be Fine.
"The fabled centaurs would be very useful in these days."
"As to how?"
"Think of having a combination coachman and horse."

President Diaz at Eighty.
From the Brooklyn Eagle.
The spectacle of Porfirio Diaz, who for a third of a century has been the actual or virtual president of Mexico, tramping through the mountains and killing jaguars is at least as much of an inspiration to admirers and emulators of physical virility as that of Theodore Roosevelt killing big game in British East Africa. President Diaz is eighty years old. He was the real military hero of the fight against Maximilian in 1867-68. He upstaged the dummy successor of Juarez in 1876. He has controlled Mexico, with all the power of a dictator, since 1877.

Santa Anna, the other "Grand Old Man" of Mexico's national history, lived to be eighty-one, and started his last rebellion in 1867, when he was seventy-two years old. We have had men powerful in politics after reaching a great age in the United States. Here the pen is mightier than the sword. But in Mexico conditions are different. The politician who is a power must be able to do actual campaigning. Considering that fact, the long life of Porfirio Diaz may be regarded as rather remarkable.

The Old-fashioned Woman.

From the Boston Herald.
"What caused your sudden blowing in?" asked a veteran in Shade Land of a woman who arrived yesterday. The woman gave a sigh that blew over a tombstone as she replied: "I am an old-fashioned woman, and I did my work in a kitchen with a six-hole range, a big sink, three long tables, two pantries, and a dishpan large enough to wash a turkey in. Two days ago I went to visit my daughter in a big city and found her cooking for her family in a chafing dish, doing her dishes in a washbowl, and keeping them stored in the lower part of the washstand. When I saw her get the bread out of a big bowl on the piano, called a jardiniere, and reach for the butter out of the window, I felt a cold chill come over me, and then she 'made soup' by opening a tin can and pouring out a mess of water into the wash pail. I knew no more." Then the old-fashioned woman gave such a sniff of disgust that it blew all the Shades over into the next county.

A Fool Bill.
From the Baltimore News.
Among the fool bills passed by the legislature, we believe the palm should be given to the one which makes it a crime punishable by fine of from \$300 to \$1,000 or imprisonment for not more than a year, or both fine and imprisonment, for anybody to ask a candidate to support or to oppose bill, for passage or enactment into a law or ordinance, unless such matter shall be contained in the platform of an organized party.

In other words, it is intended to fine or imprison anybody in Maryland who solicits the support or the antagonism of any candidate for office for anything which is not mentioned in a political platform.

One never knows when the limit of idiocy in proposed legislation is reached. It would be a reflection on the intelligence of the governor to intimate that such a measure will receive his signature.

PEARY.

He must show Uncle Sam that he found it, he can't do a sidestep all around it; to swool and to groan. "Confound it!" Don't settle the question, not much! He must tell all the world how he knew it; must tell how he struggled to do it, must tell how when he had won it.

He proved it and knew it as such. Let Europe defend him with medals, and bark to the lecture he peddles, but Sam with his feet on the trail.

Won't start till he knows where he's at. Won't start to land medals to Peary won't call him a ducky, a deary; will continue suspicious and leery.

Until he sees proofs and that's flat!

So Peary should ask Mr. Hampton, to turn loose the proofs he has clamped on, bring proofs of each iceberg he camped on.

On his whole famous rush to the pole; Should tell of the fauna and flora; should tell of the flaming aurora; should lay all his data before a Committee, or be in the hole.

And that is the crux of the matter. Three articles loaded to scatter, those evenings of lecturing rather.

Don't prove he was there, not a bit! And Peary must get down to cases, must prove up his struggles and races, must tell of the facts.

Or the fate which set down on Peary'll be his and he won't get a medal, we will hold to the stories he'll peddle.

Will classify him with Fred Cook. The winds of discord blow, the voice of the world's getting seary; come in with your documents, Peary!

Or we will be the hook. Tell the tale of your fruited endeavor, make your story convincingly clear, else you will be out forever.

And then, when you've finished expelling the result of your struggle and striving, please tell us then what was our gain?

From your finding the top of the world?

—Houston Post.



WHAT IS A FRESH EGG?

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
What, it becomes pertinent to inquire, is a fresh egg? The question is in order not merely because there is some lack of age about many so-called fresh eggs, and "some relish of the saltiness of time," but because the cold-storage men seem to be hurt by the allegations of thoughtless consumers.

Mr. Webster, certainly an unbiased writer and a man of probity, defines the word "fresh" in this way:
1. Possessed of original life and vigor; new and strong; unimpaired; sound; not faded.
2. Lately produced, gathered, or prepared for market; new, as fresh vegetables, meat, eggs and the like; recently made or obtained; occurring again, as a fresh supply of goods, fresh tea, fresh, etc.; lately come or made public, as fresh news; lately taken from a well or spring; as fresh water.

3. In a raw, green, or untasted state.
4. Renewed in vigor; fresh in the action.
5. Not salt-fresh meat in distinction from that which is pickled.

A gentleman interested in the business of buying up eggs in the spring and putting them in cold storage to be sold the next winter says that before cold storage eggs popped into popularity eggs became a drug on the market in spring—because it was another way of saying there were fresh eggs to be had at low prices—but that nowadays the blessing of cold storage brings them into the market when the supply is short. What supply? Certainly not that of the cold-storage magnates, else there would not be plenty of eggs in the markets in winter. But, passing over the question, and admitting, for the sake of argument, that the cold storage business is not the only beneficiary of a system that stores eggs when they are new laid and sells them when they have emerged from the tomb where the hand of death has lain heavily upon them for the better part of a year, what is a fresh egg?

For purposes of commerce all eggs not sufficiently advanced toward decomposition to preclude themselves from being used as an addition to the world's public speaker, are "fresh." The public has been, perhaps, too hasty in condemning the purveyor for using the adjective with what has been held to be an absolute disregard for truth.

Possibly "fresh," when applied to hen fruit, does not mean new laid, possessed of original life and vigor, unimpaired, or not faded. The term may mean merely not unsound; lately prepared for market; occurring again after a period of retirement following their original occurrence as objects just brought into the world by the hen-repeated; fresh as a supply of tea from Ceylon, or raisins from France; newly made public after having been hidden out till the price per dozen rose to the proper figure. "Lately taken from cold storage" might have been included with "lately taken from a well or spring," if Mr. Webster had written in the twentieth century, and of his blessings.

The other day somebody was interfered with for having upon the premises vast quantities of eggs that had been taken from their shells and were to be reprocessed in some way and sold to bakers to be used in cakes. They were to be "renewed in vigor," and put "in readiness for action," and were "fresh" under the fourth definition. All eggs of unknown age are in an untasted state when purchased by the dozen, and come under the third definition. And all eggs in the market are "fresh" in that they have not been pickled.

It is incumbent upon the public to apologize for having assailed the cold storage magnates and the wholesaler and retailer of eggs. All eggs are fresh except those that are unsound, although none is new laid save those gathered by persons who shadow the hen personally and decline to receive the omelet through the agency of the middlemen.

Fish for 'Em.
From the Yonkers Statesman.
Mrs. Farmer—Those ducks have hidden their nests. I haven't found any eggs in a long time.

Bobbie Farmer—Perhaps they laid 'em while they were swimming, mamma!

Nightmare.
From the Buffalo Express.
"Can you sleep in a sleeping car?"
"Yes; but I always have a fearful dream in which the name of the car is conspicuous."

A Money Saver.
From the Detroit Free Press.
"Brown's saving money."
"That so?"
"Yes; his sufragette wife has just been sent to jail for thirty days."

A Paradox.
From the Houston Post.
"This is paradoxical."
"What is?"
"Why, the closer a man is the harder it is to touch him."

The Big Voice.
From the Kansas City Times.
"Do the people really have a voice in our government?"
"Yes, to them belongs the privilege of howling when they're hit."

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

FIRST ROMANCE IN AMERICA—April 15.

American history contains no more pleasing romance than that of the beautiful Indian princess Pocahontas, her womanly courage, her fidelity to the white race, and the dawn of the light of civilization which lifted her from savagery to the court of King James and the admiration and love of the English-speaking world. The American people will ever keep in fond recollection the memory of the deeds of heroism in which this Indian girl offered her life in the cause of civilization.

Whether or not the tradition of the rescue of the gallant John Smith as he was about to be slain by her father's tribe is true does not in the least diminish the nobility and the beauty of this Indian maid. That she was the power behind the throne is beyond all doubt, and to her must be given the credit for the influence that several times saved the absolute extermination of the English-speaking settlement which to-day claims the attention of the world as the cradle of the republic.

Pocahontas married John Rolfe on April 15, 1614, and from this union has descended many of the illustrious Virginians who have full claim to blood more noble than monarchical royalty—a blood that has forced civilization along. On that notable wedding day the American aborigines and the white men concluded a peace which was stamped in brass and proclaimed to whomsoever it might concern.

The little church in which the ceremony occurred was trimmed with the sweetest of April flowers. Pocahontas, the bride, the daughter of the old chief Powhatan, was led to the altar by her aged uncle, Apachicola, with the consent of her father and friends. Two of her brothers were present, the ritual of the Church of England was read by Rev. Richard Buck,

AT THE HOTELS.

"It may not be generally known," said Francis G. Carter, of St. Joseph, Mo., at the National, last night, "that St. Joseph is now the residence of one of the greatest and best known importers of Percheron draft horses in America."

"Only a week ago the manager of this concern, a Mr. Charles R. Kirk, started for Paris for the purpose of selecting and purchasing a collection of the best Percheron stallions to be found in the famous Perch districts of France. Mr. Kirk will remain in Perch until September, when he will return to this country with his array of splendid stallions, which, during next winter, will be sold and scattered throughout the States of the Middle West for the splendid purpose of improving the horse stock of the American farmer."

In September of last year Mr. Kirk imported forty-three head of these wonderful draft horses. This is his twenty-first annual trip to France, and each year he has brought over Percheron stallions of the very best breeding and type procurable. The Percheron horse is recognized as the world's greatest draft horse, and it is noteworthy that the champion stallion of France last year was bought by the American importer and won the grand championship at the Chicago International Livestock Exposition in December. Mr. Kirk being one of the judges. This animal was sold at the exposition for \$10,000.

"It is not generally known among the farmers," continued Mr. Carter, "that considerable fraud has been practiced in the draft horse business during the last several years, and that it is being guarded against now. Several horse farmers make the practice of buying up grade colts from the farmers in certain sections, fitting blank foreign pedigrees to these colts, and selling them as pure bred imported stallions to farmers in other sections. After it became impossible to secure blank foreign pedigrees, pedigree print shops in this country accommodated the grafters by furnishing blank pedigrees which were fitted to the grade and cross-bred colts, and then young American horse flesh with the new names and the manufactured ancestors were paraded as high-priced pure bred Americans horses and sold at fancy prices."

"Other cases of fraud occurred where valuable animals took the expensive exit of death. A good colt was sought in the country similarly marked to the